

THREEPENCE



EVERY FRIDAY

EAGLE

9 JUNE 1950 No. 9

DAN DARE

PILOT OF THE FUTURE

I DON'T THINK I'M
GOING TO LIKE THIS
PLANET —
IT'S MESSY!



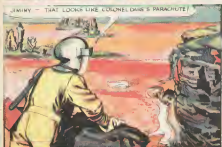
BEASTLY STUFF —
IT'S LIKE
TORTURE!



GULP!



UGH! IT'S WORSE THAN
MARS — WHAT A
BEASTLY PLACE!



JIMMY — THAT LOOKS LIKE COLONEL DARE'S PARACHUTE!



AND THAT COMMOFFION
OVER THERE — I RECKON
HE'LL BE IN THE MIDDLE OF
THAT — HIS MIDDLE NAME
OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN
TROUBLE — OH / WHY
DID I EVER LEAVE
WIGAN?





The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FAMOUS RADIO
series by ALAN STRANKS

AT FAT FREDDIE'S

YOU'VE BEEN HERE A MONTH WITHOUT PAYING ME A CRACKER. IF YOU DON'T COME THROUGH WITH SOME DOUGH BY THE MORNING OR CHUCKIN' YOU OUT.

I TOLD YOU BOPEY DAVIS WAS HOLDING THE DOUGH WE GOT FROM THE BANK JOB. THE COPS GOT IT WHEN THEY SEARCHED HIS JOINT.

IM SICK OF THIS DUMP, ANYWAY. WE'LL DO A JOB TO-NIGHT, PAY YOU OFF AND GET OUT OF TOWN.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY CIGARETTES DOWNSTAIRS, FREDDIE?

I GOT NOTHING FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T PAY.

ILL GO TO THE CORNER SHOP AND GET SOME, BEN. I STILL GOT A FEW BOB LEFT.

HULLO, JIMMIE! FOUND THOSE CROOKS FOR ME YET?

NOT YET, FORTY-NINE. BUT DON'T WORRY—WE WILL.

POOR OLD FORTY-NINE! I HADN'T THE HEART TO TELL HIM WE'VE BEEN COMBING THIS DISTRICT ALL THE WEEK AFTER SCHOOL WITHOUT FINDING A SIGN OF A CLUE.

NO LUCK YET, RAGS. MAYBE AN ICECREAM WOULD HELP ME TO WORK OUT THE BEST WAY TO TACKLE THINGS. COME ON!

COME ON SISTER. JUMP TO IT. I WANT A LARGE PACKET OF RAGS. AND DON'T SAY YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY.

IT'S HIM—TWO FINGERS!

HERE, YOUNG MAN. WHAT ABOUT YOUR ICECREAM.

DON'T BOTHER, MISS. I'VE GOT SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN ICECREAM ON MY MIND NOW.

SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S HIDING. WHAT DO WE DO NOW, RAGS? I'VE GOT IT! I'LL WRITE A NOTE TO FORTY-NINE AND JIM CAN DELIVER IT.

Have found two fingers. He is at 21 Colton Street. Am keeping him under observation.
Hungry Jim

IT'S UP TO YOU NOW, RAGS. FIND FORTY-NINE—AS QUICK AS YOU CAN. UNDERSTAND? P.C. FORTY-NINE? NOW, OFF YOU GO.

CONTINUED

ing as long as the wren's observed by any of the gang who might be watching.

The sherry was now thicker, and as she weaved her way through it she could no longer see the windows of the little tower.

Suddenly something crackled into the bushes near her. She couldn't see what it was or where it had come from, but it was enough that she had been detected. In a momentary panic she threatened her way through the undergrowth, then, recovering her courage and senses at the same time, crunched as well as ran in the densest thicket she could find.

She hardly dared to breathe as she realised that the sherry was being unscrewed. The fender was moving very steadily, but she could hear the rustle of foliage and the occasional muttering of a twig. Her heart thumped so loudly she was sure the entire room heard it. She felt in her skin and took on the look, determined to defend herself if she were in danger of being kidnapped again.

The leaves in front of her were part, and face at least as apprehensive as her own, and she was about to turn back when she saw another with such flabbergasted expression that if there had been anyone else to observe them that person would have been in danger of laughing till he did himself an injury.

"Pru?" gasped Jen, astounded, silent, and desperate clinging across her face.

"Pru? Wherever are you doing here?"

"The injured gentleman told Dr. Borge that Lord Fyngine was the head of the gang, not Professor Gog, and the Doctor told me, so I came to rescue Ray. Why aren't you with the others at Gleg's house?"

"I thought I saw a signal from the little tower, and as Bungle Bill told us he thought Fyngine was a sinister chap, I decided to investigate."

"Why didn't you tell the others?"

"Well, I wasn't sure, and I knew they had to be ready for anything, and I wanted to get out of the sat because because Ken and I quarrelled."

"What about?"

"Oh, nothing, really. It was my fault."

"It'll be my fault," I've got a ladder under the window where Ray is, but I can't get it up

to the house?"

"Of course!"

They reached the ladder unobserved, and with Pru standing on the bottom rung and hopping backward gripping the third rung, Jen managed to push it against the wall. Ray was no longer looking out, and they didn't



It was "Gutters." He had a momentary slip of his lip.

knew how to attract his attention without rousing the household, so Jen, conscious of Pru's disapproving gaze, ran up the ladder, waved the dangling end of the knotted sheets, and began to swear up towards the window.

He had nearly reached his goal when a tremendous bell appeared over the sill. He recognised the voice that belonged to it as that of his cousin Ray. Ray was saying, very

gruffly, as if of his chin first, "Go quickly, before I change my mind!"

Am gave a low whistle. Ray pointed over the edge, his face haggard. He didn't look so much surprised as annoyed when he saw Jen.

Am was so taken aback that he stammered "Go on to help you to get out."

It was P Pru in the sherry-sherry, she's holding the ladder."

"No one can help me, Jen," said Ray.

"Save yourself, and Pru. There's no escape for me."

Jen instinctively looked down at Pru, as if to say, "Well, what do you think of this?" forgetting that she was too far away to hear it was the first time he had looked down, and his hand wavered. Ray noticed his waver, and a strong arm heaved him over the sill and into the room.

A lovely girl with an unapproachably sorrowful expression stood by the door, a key in her hand. She was dressed as a nurse.

"Anna, this is my young cousin, Jen," said Ray, with a sort of weary patience. "Jen, this is Miss Anna. I'm sorry, I don't know your other name."

"Scrymgeour."

"Miss Anna Scrymgeour! She can't leave till you've gone, Jen, so if you feel like tackling that ladder—"

Jen was too busy, but for some reason he felt near to tears. There was something tragic, here, and he couldn't understand it.

Then Ray drove in his breath sharply, and sank back until he was half sitting on the window-sill.

"Anna?" he said, leaning forward tensely.

"Is your name a common one?"

"Yes, not particularly. Why are you looking at me so strangely?"

Jen would have liked to know that too, but Ray didn't answer.

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Is your name a common one?"

"Physicist. Why?"

"Christian name Karsner?"

Anna looked at him with amplex bewilderment and hope.

"Yes. Don't tell me you know him."

"What you tell me that Ted told me. They wanted to help."

"Jill?" You mentioned the name but I

wasn't a child?"

"Edward?"

"Father used to write to him, but they never met."

"They did. That's doubtless why Ted was kept away from this house."

"Where did they meet?"

"Shaugh-le!" exclaimed Ray. His eyes never left her as he walked over to her and took her hands. He looked grave, but the expression on Anna's face reassured Jen of the drive.

"Then he's out of their power!" she exclaimed joyously.

Ray gripped her hands more tightly.

"Yes," he said slowly. "He's out of their power."

His solemnity converted its message to her at last. Her face seemed to crumple up, and the full sobbing on her shoulder. Ray put his arms round her and held her close.

"You should be glad, Anna," he whispered, his lips against her hair.

"He died a free man, happy amongst his friends. And now you are free, too. You too are out of their power."

When she lifted her face again, it was rosy and bright. She walked across to the window.

"Will you go just now, Jen?" she asked.

Without a moment's hesitation, Jen swung herself over the sill. When he was on the ladder, Anna swayed down after him, and he guided her feet on to the rung. Then he gripped the sides of the ladder firmly, his arms encircling her, so that she had both hands free to help Ray. They reached the ground safely.

"That," said Jen proudly, "is Pru."

Anna smiled immensely, and Ray said, "Thanks for helping us to escape. We'd never have done it without you and Jen."

Below Pru could answer a grating voice broke in.

"We'll return by way of the stairs, if it's all the same to you," it said.

They all started to face the speaker. It was "Gutters." He had a Tommy-gun at his hip and an expression on his face which indicated that he would have no objection to using it.

(To be continued next week)

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

TRICK TIME for Rowntree's Gumsters

RONNIE THE GUMSTER

RONNIE ON A BEAM!

SEE THESE 25 BEANS? BET YOU I MAKE YOU PICK UP THE LAST ONE!

EACH OF US PICKS UP IN TURN ONE, TWO OR THREE BEANS—NO MORE! ALL RIGHT—YOU START!

WHEN I PICK UP THREE—I'LL PICK UP ONE, MAKING THE TOTAL FOUR. IF YOU PICKED UP TWO, YOU HAVE PICKED TWO. GET THE IDEA?

HAVE I GOT THE SECRET—ALWAYS MAKE THE TOTAL BEANS PICKED UP EACH TURN? COME TO FOUR—AND AT THE END ENJOY THE LAST! FOR HERE LAST TURN!

LATER

Make the most of your sweet ration by buying Rowntree's Fruit Gums & enjoying pieces over table is the biggest lasting & fun worth you'll find for one personal point.

ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS

Cadbury's Corner QUIZ

IS THERE A Christmas Pudding ON THE FLOOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY?

WHAT FUNGUS DO WE EAT EVERY DAY?

Yes! Only one eat a real Christmas pudding made with flour and fruit but it's composed of little pieces of coloured marzipan—a mosaic, in fact.

WHAT FUNGUS DO WE EAT EVERY DAY?

Yes! There are a glut and a host of fresh, full-taste milk in every 1 lb. of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.

WHICH IS THE MOST WESTERLY POINT IN ENGLAND?

Look! It's at the most Westerly point of the English mainland, Budegully, off the Cadbury's Milk Tray Christmas mosaic on one wheel throughout the world, were past sale by sale, they'll stretch from London to the End, it would take you about 20 hours on cycle past there!

I want Cadburys!

CRICKET COACHING BY LEARIE CONSTANTINE

THIS WEEK
THROWING
IN FAST



THE UNDER-ARM FLICK
FOR SPEEDY RETURN TO
WICKET KEEPER



NOTE HANDS
AND SUPPORTING FOOT.



① Not perfectly square.
See later diagram (12).



NEXT WEEK:
THE
SQUARE
CUT

BALL IN
FLIGHT WILL
RISE
SLIGHTLY
TO WICKET
KEEPER'S
HANDS.

MAKING YOUR OWN MODEL RACING CAR



FRONT END



REAR
END



LEFT

These two views will
give you a good idea of
what the radiator grille
and tail should look
like when completed.

Study them closely,
because next time we
are going to assemble
them both.

Before starting any
job, it is always good
policy to ensure that
your mental picture of
the subject is fixed in
your mind when you look
at your working
drawings, each part
appears in the final
object.



THE ERA BODY PROFILE

MATERIALS

For the construction
of the body, which
all being, the following
material will be
required:—

- 1 off 1ft x 1/2 in x 1/4 in
hard board
- 1 off 3ft x 1/2 in x 1/4 in
hard board
- 1 dec. off 3ft x 1/2 in x 1/4 in
hard board
- 1 off 3ft x 1/2 in x 1/4 in
hard board
- 1 tube (large) rubber
conduit
- 1 sheet D-groove
- 1 sheet D-groove
- 1 tube plastic wood
(optional)
- 2 sheets fine sand-
paper
- 1 set of sharp knife
or razor blade.

TIPS

A very sharp knife
or razor blade.



BODY TEMPLATES

This work, let us concentrate on the templates with which we shall
work to obtain perfect form on both sides of the car's base.
The half sections shown here are exactly half scale, so if you procure
some graph paper and set to work, carefully laying out each one to the
correct size, you will be sure of obtaining a satisfactory job. You will,
of course, note that the shaded portion represents the template, the
hatched out portion being removed. When you have completed the cutting
process, transfer them, in carbon paper and pencil, onto about 1/2 in
plywood, cut out and carefully smooth the contact (inside) surfaces,
finally, with some drawing oil and a suitable pen, mark each template
clearly with its number, starting from forward with No. 1.

CONSTRUCTING
THE 1 1/2 LITRE
ERA RACING CAR
PART V
By G.W. Arthur—Brund.

SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS

THE COWBOYS ARE
OUT ON THE CATTLE
ROUND UP



NO INDIANS
SO FAR SHORTY!

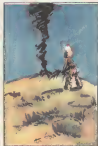
YOU CAN
HEAR 'EM!
THEIR WARHOOPS
AIN'T MUSIC TO
ME



LOOK,
SHORTY!
INDIAN SMOKE
SIGNALS!



SURE! AND I
RECKON ITS NOT
SMOKE FROM THESE
PIPES OF PEACE



THIS TIME MYSTERY CHIEF
WE WILL WIPE THEM OUT!
THEIR SCALPS WILL HANG
FROM OUR WIGWAGS



REOPATHER! I WANT THE
CATTLE! THE CATTLE WILL
PROVIDE US WITH MONEY
THEN WE CAN BUY SADDLES
FOR YOUR SADDLES

SETH! HERE FOR IT!
THE DAMNED COMANCHES
MEAN BUSINESS!



YEST! LETS
CHOOSE OUR
GROUND FOR A
STAND!

SIT YOUR WAGON UP INTO THE
SIT OF TIMBER WE'LL
MAKE A STAND THERE!



HURRY UP
WITH THAT
BARRICADE!
THEY ARE
POWING UP!

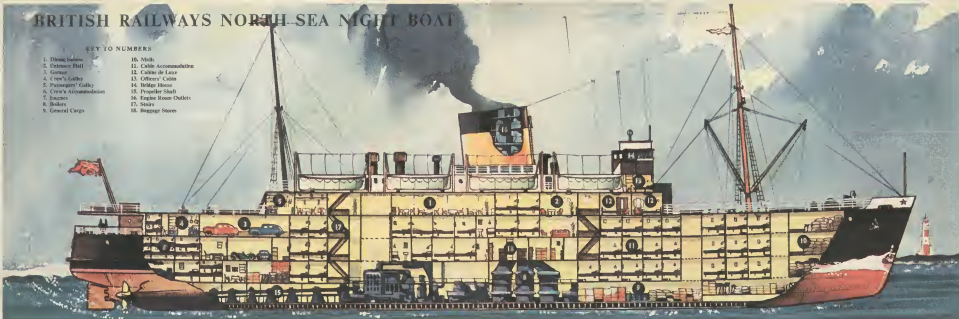


CONTINUED

BRITISH RAILWAYS NORTH SEA NIGHT BOAT

KEY TO NUMBERS

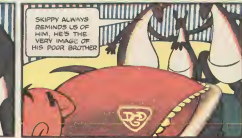
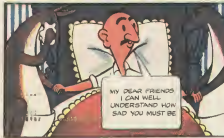
1. Dining Saloon
2. Officers' Hall
3. Gunpowder
4. Crew's Cabin
5. Passengers' Gallery
6. Crew's Accommodation
7. Tunnels
8. Boilers
9. General Cargo
10. Masts
11. Cable Accommodation
12. Cabin de Luxe
13. Officers' Cabin
14. Bridge House
15. Propeller Shaft
16. Engine Room Outlets
17. Stairs
18. Baggage Store



SKIPPY THE KANGAROO

BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GENESTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARRET PRODUCTION



HEROES OF THE CLOUDS

The Story of Wilbur and Orville Wright - Showing the Flag

THIS WHEN WE CONSIDER THE STORY OF THE WRIGHTS, THEY MADE THE FIRST AIRPLANE - FIRST LAUNCHED AT DEHA AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS DO NOT MEET WITH THE APPROPRIATE IT DESERVED

CAPTAIN DEAN
MONROE & CO
IN AN
"ANTONETTE"
MONOPLANE 1910

AFTER THEIR FIRST FLIGHTS AT KITTANNOW IN 1903, PUBLIC UNBELIEFITY PROCEEDED THE WRIGHTS TO CONTINUE THEIR EXPERIMENTS IN PRIVATE. SECRETLY THEY CALED LITTLE FOR POPULAR OPINION. THEY BUILT A BIGGER, MORE POWERFUL, AIRPLANE AND WERE SOON MAKING LONG FLIGHTS. IN 1908, THEY TOOK A MACHINE TO FRANCE IN 1908 WHERE ORVILLE STAYED IN AMERICA WHERE HE EVENTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN INTERESTING THE GOVERNMENT

EARLY FLYING WAS NOT WITHOUT ITS DANGERS - ON SEVERAL JOBS AT DEHA, WRIGHT, ORVILLE'S PLANE CAME TO STOP AND HE WAS INJURED. HIS PASSIONER, LIEUTENANT SELFIDGE, AN AMERICAN ARMY OFFICER, WAS KILLED

WHILE ORVILLE WRIGHT WAS RECEIVING LITTLE RECOGNITION IN AMERICA, WRIGHTS ATTENDED EUROPEAN EXPERIMENTS AT LE HAVRE, FRANCE, BY A SERIES OF REMARKABLE FLIGHTS. MANY IMPORTANT PEOPLE CAME TO SEE HIM AND HIS WONDERFUL MACHINE. NOTED THE BRUCE, IN 1910 LEFT HIS CAR & WAS CONVERTED TO THE LARGEST HOLLER, WHICH WAS SAID TO BE THE FIRST AIRPLANE IN THE WORLD

AT ANYTIME FRAMES WOULD RUN FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF AS INDICATED BY SIGNALS AND AIRING FORCE. FLOWERS AT A TIME WHEN THEIR MACHINES WERE HARDLY CAPABLE OF LEAVING THE GROUND. WRIGHTS WERE IN THE END OF THEIR POWER BUT LIVED TO SEE AN UNBROKEN AIRPLANE

DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Dyke

The
CORMORANT

AREN'T THOSE CORMORANTS STANDING ON THE ROCK DOWN THERE

YES, JOHN THEY'LL HAVE FLOWN INTO THE BAY FROM THE ISLAND OUT AT SEA. GOOD FISHING FOR THEM HERE

THE CORMORANT DRAWS LOW DOWN IN THE WATER WITH HIS HEAD AND NOSE WELL UP. HE IS AN SKILLFUL DIVER AND CAN CATCH AND EAT ABOUT DOUBLE HIS OWN WEIGHT IN FISH A DAY. I HAVE OFTEN BEEN ONE RETURN TO THE ROCK WITH A MOUTHFUL OF FISH AND STAND FLAPPING HIS WINGS IN ORDER TO HELP THE FISH DOWN

WHEN FISHING HE WILL DYE HIS HEAD YELLOW WATER TO FIND HIS VICTIM. WHEN DIVING LIKE A FLASH, AN UNDER WATER HIS HEAD HAS A DISTINCT BANGY LOOK

JUST NOW THERE WILL BE YOUNG CORMORANTS TO FEED. HENS OF STOCK AND SEAWEED ARE BURST ABOUT MAY, AND THREE OR FOUR BLUE EGGS WITH A CHALKY WHITE COVERING ARE LAYD

THE YOUNGSTERS ARE NAKED AT FIRST BUT LATER COVERED WITH SOFTY DOWN. WHEN BEING FED THEY HAVE TO HELP THEMSELVES BY THRUSTING THEIR HEADS INTO THE PARENTS' MOUTH AND TAKING PARTLY DIGESTED FISH FROM THE THROAT

COME ALONG YOU TWO, TIME TO LEAVE. EVEN THE CORMORANTS ARE GOING HOME

EAGLE CLUB

AND EDITOR'S PAGE

9 June 1950

The Editor's Office

EAGLE

43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

TO help us plan our future policy and supply you with features which you will all enjoy, we would very much like to know more about you. We have already asked you about your hobbies and pursuits. This time we want to know, for example, who are your favourite characters in British history, what you enjoy most in fiction, and your preferences on many other subjects.

In arranging to obtain this information we are entering a series of competitions, the first of which you will find in this week's Competition Corner.



PROBABLY many of you will like to hear about the first trip of the Eagle Club - the visit to Silverstone Race. Here is a report written by one of the Club members - Michael Gull of Cleethorpes:-

"It was very exciting to go on my first long railway journey alone from Cleethorpes to Birmingham. There we were met by the officials of EAGLE Club and the twenty-five of us invited on this trip soon got to know each other. Then we walked to a Restaurant and had fish and chips and ice-cream. After that we went to the Odium where we had afternoon. After the show, we had another supper and our get-together, and fish and chips and ice-cream. We collected our luggage as we were to sleep on the train and travel overnight, which was another new experience. It was rather noisy on the station, but being tired I was soon asleep. When we woke in the morning, we were at Northampton. A bus was waiting to take us to breakfast and then on to Silverstone."

"The roads were very crowded with buses, cars and motor-bikes. When we had managed to get into the car park we walked round the

back to the Grand Stand at Stone Corner where seats were booked for us and there we were given a comfortable bus with our lunch in it and bonnet and paper hat to drink. The crowds of people made it very exciting.

First, there was the race of small cars - two heats, and then the final. Then Raymond Meyers showed off the new B.M.

"At 2 o'clock the King and Queen and Princess Margaret came to the race and we got a good view of them as they drove round the track, and when they came to watch the race later from a near-by stand. The big race, the Grand Prix of Europe, was a very thrilling one which went on for 70 laps, though the Italians looked as though they were going to win, right from the start. While it was going on, we had tea provided for us and more singing songs.

"After the race was over, we went across the track and saw the Royal Box and some of the racing cars. We managed to get several photographs. We then made our way back to the bus, most of us feeling very tired after a new and exciting day. When we got back to Northampton, we had supper and then made our way to the sleeper which took us back to Birmingham.

"I arrived home very tired but very thankful for all that had been done for me to have had an enjoyable weekend. I say a very big 'Thank you' to EAGLE."

WE have now despatched all the Membership Cards to those of you who applied during the first few weeks, but we are left with many names without addresses and some letters without any name. If you sent in an application for membership and have not yet had your Badge, Certificate, and Membership Card, send a letter with your name, address, and birthday printed in BLOCK LETTERS and say the date on which you passed your letter. Mark your envelope EAGLE, Dept. N.R., Colley House, New Street Square, London, E.C.4.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR

COMPETITION CORNER

There are prizes for all the competitions in this work. You can send all your entries in one envelope, but please put your answer to each competition on a separate piece of paper and put your name and address and Club number on each. Address to Competition, EAGLE, 4 New Street Square, London, E.C.4

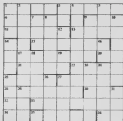
EAGLE CROSSWORD A prize of a £1 National Savings Certificate will go to the solver of the first correct solution opened on June 12th. If you don't want to cut out the puzzle to send in, write out the answers against each number and send them in.

Across

- 1 Lake monkeys (4)
- 3 Magazine title (5)
- 6 Space Fleet Controller (5)
- 9 Detective (3)
- 11 Country of pyramids (5)
- 13 Used to buy things (4)
- 14 Dissection (2)
- 15 Out or other (3)
- 17 Flat piece of land (1, 5)
- 20 Account (abbr.) (3)
- 21 Opposite to thought (4)
- 22 Part of the body (4)
- 25 Fused (4)
- 27 Greeting (3)
- 28 Harrier - in metals (4)
- 30 Slippery fish (3)
- 32 Knock out (abbr.) (2)
- 33 Front-page hero
- 34 Editor (abbr.) (3)
- 35 Finished (3)
- 36 Same as 33

Down

- 1 Molecules (one) (3)
- 2 He lost his ship (3)
- 3 French conjunction (2)
- 4 P.C. 49's name (5)
- 5 Famous cricketeer's Christian name (in short) (3)
- 7 "Au" for au" (3)
- 9 Old English for taken (4)
- 10 Carious character (6)



- 12 Motor cycle race - initials (2)
- 14 Help! (1)
- 16 Royal Artillery - initials
- 17 800 Larrikins (5)
- 19 Advertisement (abbr.) (2)
- 23 The dog has one, probably (1, 4)
- 24 Office worker (3)
- 25 Sweet staff (4)
- 26 Not generous (4)
- 27 Give it to help (4)
- 29 Movement of the hand (3)
- 31 Nickname for a lion (3)

POPULARITY COMPETITION, No. 1 (see Editor's Letter). Write on a postcard, in order numbered 1 to 6, your choice of the six most popular and interesting characters in British history. Prizes of a £1 National Savings Certificate will be awarded to those who give correctly the characters in the order of popularity agreed by the judges. Your entry should arrive not later than June 12th.

3. FILL-UPS This is a new kind of competition. It consists of filling up the blank spaces in a paragraph with the words you think have been left out. This is not quite as simple as it may at first appear because all "Fill-ups" must have some definite idea and reason in their construction, as in the following specimen, for instance, where every missing word ends in the same two letters. Bearing this in mind and reading carefully the remaining words of the paragraph you will easily find at least one missing word which belongs a clue to all the others, but you may experience a little trouble in getting these correctly.

When there's a job to be done don't be a... and your shoulders, and don't get... and... yourself up as... as a... You must... and... away at it like a... It's far better to be a... than a...

A prize of a £1 National Savings Certificate will be awarded to the first list of correct missing words opened on June 12th.

CAPTAIN PUGWASH



BY MOORE RAYMOND

[illegible]*Lash Lomerton's Revenge*

Dugo spoke, and in the dawn light his usually rosy face looked grey and drawn. "You're right, Lash," he said in a croaky voice. "I haven't got the guts to do you in. But from now on you're at the hands of a man who isn't so squeamish. I don't want this to happen to you, but you're getting so know-inso much about me and The Hunchback, and I've got what are going on. You'll be found somewhere up there where they found your uncle. So far as we three are concerned, we haven't seen you since the celebrations at Tivowadage last night. So you see, Lash, you aren't smart enough for me after all!"

He gave an order to the black Yabba-



The roughener kicked out with tremendous force.

Rawhide and Squib! How I wish you were here now!"

black men
Yahyayabba kept his eyes fixed on the UN
chair concealed Mopole

To be continued

REAL LIFE MYSTERIES



THE LONELY SAILOR

At the age of twelve Joshua Slocum ran away to sea from his Nova Scotia home. Starting as cabin boy's assistant, he became an able seaman at sixteen, by which time he had sailed round most of the world. His track continued off his first ship when he was 25. Then his adventures began. Wrecked off Alaska he built a small sailing boat out of the wreckage and turned up in San Francisco when everyone believed him dead. Next, he was Captain of a small sailing vessel; then of a larger one built to himself in a lonely bay on the China coast, then of a 40-ton schooner. At the age of 48 Captain Slocum found himself out of a

job. An old friend said to him, "Come to my farm and I'll give you a ship." The ship was a rotten old yacht lying in a field, her timbers falling apart. "I'll subside her," said Captain Slocum, and for the next ten years he sailed the Spray down to the West Indies every winter. He wrote two wonderful books about his adventures. He protected himself off



hostile shores by scattering tin-cakes on the deck! The natives who once came aboard while he slept below, "howled like a pack of hounds!" In 1909 65-year-old Captain Slocum sailed to the Amazon River. He was never heard of again.

NEW STAR MAKES BIG HIT!

MAES presents

Banjo

Crisp! Thrilling!

Delicious!

You double-think, crump, and heavenly water has crystallized in delicious lovely chocolate.

NOW SHOWING

AT ALL THEATRES

IT'S A BEAUTY!

THIS is the bike that really stands out from the rest. It's got a silver head and silver handle, and a beautiful blue finish. Suppose you had one of your own—imagine how you'd flash along to meet all your friends! This is the smart, speedy bike you've always wanted!

**IT'S A BSA
GOLDEN WINGS!**

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117 Anniversary Road, Birmingham 11

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FREE!

9.5 x 1/2 CRISTON fully
decorated CRISTON
sent on a postcard

IT'S TIME

YOU HAD A BSA

The cycle address post
B.S.A. CYCLES LTD., 117 Anniversary Road, Birmingham 11

The Ovaltine's OWN CORNER OF AMUSEMENT

Can you name the towns pictured here?



ALL Ovaltine's are healthy, happy boys and girls because it is one of their golden rules to drink 'Ovaltine' every day.

'Ovaltine' provides important properties which you need to make you strong and vigorous, and to build up body, nerves and brain.

For these reasons ask your mother to make 'Ovaltine' your regular daily beverage. It will help you to excel in sports and games, and to be successful in your schoolwork.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINE'S

The League has been formed by the promoters of 'Ovaltine' to spread the health and happiness of children everywhere. Boys and girls all over the country have joined and are having great fun with their sports, games and clubs.

You can join the League and obtain the Official Field Book and Rules by sending a label from a tin of 'Ovaltine' with your full name, address and age to: THE CHIEF OVALTINE'S DEPT., CO., 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W. 1.

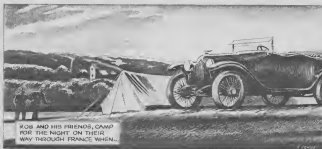
Drink delicious

Ovaltine

for Health, Strength & Vitality

Then this sports down to you if you wish right
OVALTINE'S DEPT., CO., 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W. 1.

ROB CONWAY IN SEARCH OF A SECRET CITY



Walls
ICE CREAM

Presents

TOMMY WALLS *The Wonder Boy*

AT THE GREAT MATCH TOMMY'S TEAM ARE ALL OUT FOR 200 AGAINST THE RIVAL COUNTY, AND ARE HAVING A HARD JOB TO GET THEIR OPPONENTS OUT FOR LESS.

ONLY 4 WICKETS TO FALL.

THAT BOWLER MORRIS SENDS THEM DOWN LIKE A CANNON.

BUT THEY ONLY WANT 60 TO WIN.

AFTER THE DAYS PLAY.

DON'T FORGET MORRIS, PLAY SKEETS AGAIN AT 11 O'CLOCK TOMORROW.

I'LL BE THERE.

NEXT MORNING.

THAT WAS 'CANNON-BALL' MORRIS JUST PASSED US.

I'LL GET HIS WALLET.

BASH HIM, SLUGGER!

HEY! THAT'S A HOLD-UP AHEAD, STEP ON IT, BOYS.

THE WAGON FOR LUCK, SO WIDE IN AND WOLLOP THEM CHAPS.

UGH!

THE COPS!

DOOH! DOSS - I'LL JUST ABOUT DO IT. THANKS A LOT BOYS, I'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE MATCH.

MORRIS MADE IT ALRIGHT, AND THERE GOES THE LAST WICKET.

WHAT A BOWLER!

IN THE PAVILION

WHAT A SCRAPE - AND WHAT A GAME! GOOD JOB WE ALL KEPT IT ON WALL'S ICE CREAM.

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

